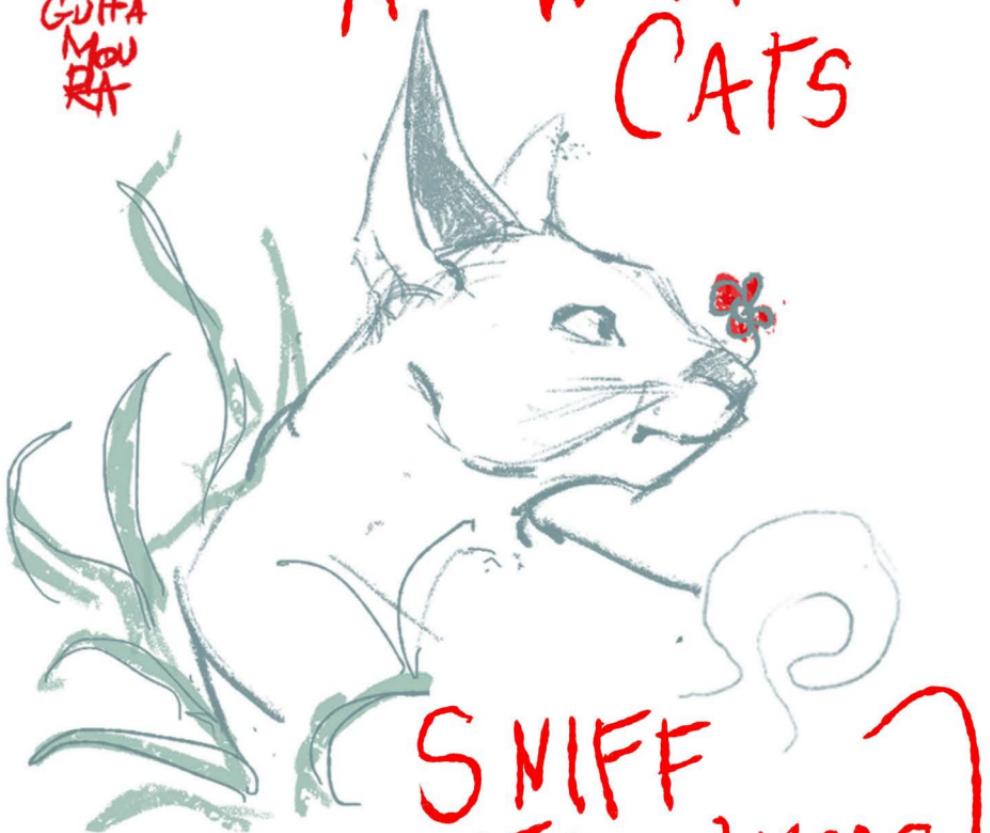




T. BONNY
GUHA
MOU
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DID YOU
KNOW THAT
CATS



SNIFF
FLOWERS!

Strange Tales for
Big Kids Vol.1:
"Did you know that
cats sniff flowers?"

by Annie Bonny
1st Edition

Story by Annie Bonny
Art by Moura & Guita

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Long live the REAL Conquistense Culture and its artists!
Long live artistic freedom through collaboration!
Down with artistic competition!
The true victory is collective!

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Strange Tales for Big Kids Vol.1:
Did You Know That Cats Sniff Flowers?
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There's the human species and there's the rest — what we call Nature. As if we weren't part of it. Then I see herds and herds of Homo sapiens (not so sapiens after all), living lethargically. Falling ill, hoarding property, arrogance and pretension.

Then I came across a dead cat who visited me in a dream. And we started a frank and sincere conversation about time and the meaning of life.

The dead cat said: "It's all in you, but your fear of death won't let you live."

I replied: "How can you be more of a philosopher than I am?"

And he, in a challenging tone, answered:
"Prove to me that what you're living is life!"

I reflected: "Alarm clock, work, routine, home, exhaustion, poetry, insomnia, awakening."

He poked: "Well then... you are just as much a part of nature as I am, and after life, you will cease to Be."

Resigned, I understood. And I realized, startled, that the dead cat I was talking to was actually explaining that I too was dead. A cat seems to know more about life than a human. We create illusions to trick our fear of death. And thus we build a machine of entertainment and idiocy.

The dead cat jumped from my dream into someone else's. And I was left alone, pondering the crap life I had and had buried. And why I never learned to accept the lives of Ian Curtis and Cazuza. Those humans who were so feline.

I woke up more inspired than haunted and came upon the next pages.

—Caio Aguiar Sirino

Did you know that cats sniff flowers?
My cat loves the roses in our garden
She also sniffs armpits
and feet,
and my pants when I get home.

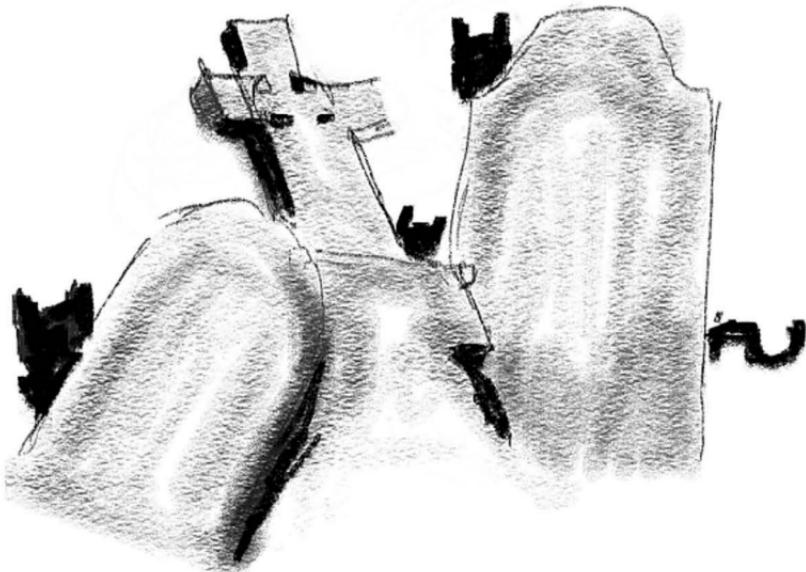




Some say cats can smell *death*
before it ever clearly shows.

Others say they smell **life**
as it clings,
accumulates, and dissipates—

their little noses like meters,
calculating the presence
and absence
of it.





I believe they can smell time—

how it fluctuates: as god, as life,
as odor, and nature.

The driving force that stirs all things:

that sways the branches and breaks them;
that rocks the cradle and knocks it over;
that which gives and takes away.

You can tell the time from the eyes
of a cat,

Baudelaire wrote once—

something he, I'm sure,
was never able to do.



But cats do know
TIME

They're made of time,
and are aware of it.

Cats exist purely, like nothing else;
their every action is pleasure.

Cats don't waste time.
They smell flowers,
they run, they jump.
They fuck, they fight,
they eat all the time.

They know what to eat,
they know when to eat,
they know what to do.

Cats know everything of the journey
they tread in existence,
upon the invisible bridge of
TIME and SPACE.



For that,
cats are ever so distant.

We will never be like cats.

We sniff flowers,
we run, we jump,
we fuck, we bicker,
we eat all the time.

But when we get sick,
we attempt to heal.

When we get fat,
we attempt to lose weight.

We sleep and attempt to wake.

We don't know time.

We don't know life.

We are not pure.

We cannot see
how far goes the bridge.



My cat does. But she doesn't care.

She's losing whiskers—
it'll all be over soon.

And she never changed,
staying the same
since she was a kitten.

Still liking the same things,
still eating the same food,
still sitting by the same rosebush,
sniffing the same yellow flowers
at exactly 16:30, every single day.

Whatever may happen
after life,
maybe she doesn't even know.

But she knows time
well enough
to know that it doesn't really matter.

Now is as good as later, for a cat.
Yesterday was the future.

And tomorrow, funny enough,
has already happened so many times...





A. Bonny

I was born a writer and I will die a writer. It's an innate gift, and the role that destiny has given me in this society. However, I am, in truth, an extremely prolific artist: encompassing not only literature, but also photography and music, I seek in reality a beauty that transcends standards, challenging stereotypes; bringing to light what is most *irrespondivelmente humano, indesculpavelmente sujo*.

Moura

In his postmodern and Jequieense incarnation, Moura presents himself as he's always been: a visual butcher, friend of the bums, and multi-artist. His interests are many, and all of them fit within comic book pages, in reality itself, or in cups of coffee.

Guita

Love and hate; blindness and vision; fragmented and whole; all or nothing; angel and demon; good and evil; lucid and insane; ugly and beautiful; shadow and light; yellow and violet. Guita: a walking contradiction, as permanent, fixed, and constant as the metamorphosis through which I operate. I don't go down or up—I simply stretch in all directions, reaching every edge, thinning myself out, dissolving into everything and getting lost in this void. Who am I? Am I pain? Am I laughter? What am I? I am Guita.

T.S.K—A.C.E

Long live the REAL Conquistense culture!
Long live freedom through collaboration!

From the artist to the artist,
we're all artists!



